

Marion Brackett.  
Room 23.

# CRESCENT SIREN



J. Sweet



CRESCENT SIREN





# EDITORIAL



## BETWEEN PERIODS

## UP - DOWN

The break between periods was recently increased to three minutes. It seems that, since this was done, there have been more and more students coming into periods late. This is abusing a privilege for which we should be grateful.

There are two hundred days in a school year. If one is late just one minute each period, the time wasted amounts to sixteen hundred minutes, or over one school week. Most of us cannot afford to lose this valuable time! Usually the poorest students are the last ones in class.

The reason for this tardiness seems to be due to the wasting of time at lockers or in the halls. Pampered now, the books we carried with us before seem too heavy and we make frequent trips to get them from the locker. On the way back, we meet an old friend we haven't seen for half an hour - and there we are, talking until the period bell rings.

Crescent Heights is one of the most democratically governed schools in the city. Just as we learn the duties of citizenship and the laws of the country which should be obeyed, we should learn the rules of the school and abide by them.

Wouldn't it be sad if it was decided to shorten the break? Then we should be on time.

Let us not live up to the proverb: 'Give them an inch and they'll take a mile.'

'We learn from history that we learn nothing from history'

'Instead of loving your enemies, treat your friends a little better'

At present in fashionable circles there is raging a conflict which at times, obscures both the Spanish and Chinese wars. Should milady's hair be up, or down? Young people of today, decide this momentous question! In your hands rests the future, to do with as you please.

Milady herself is quite uncertain. In one book she reads that an 'uplift' will give her youthful charm and a chance to show her shell-like ears and wear a doll-hat. Another book, the Readers Digest, says that it depends on the woman, whether she will look as if she were going to the opera or the bath. What can Milady do?

In the much-talked of 'Gay Nineties' her mother wore her hair high on her head - so did du Barrie and La Pompadour. But du Barrie never rode in a high speed roadster or motorcycle and everyone knows that an 'uplift' come down looks like a badly made stook of grain.

Perhaps, to settle the difficulty Milady will have to resort to the advice of the White Knight in Alice in Wonderland. 'Tie a stick on the top of your head and teach your hair to grow up it, like a fruit tree.'

# DON'T FORGET THE SKATING PARTY



# SOCIETY

The Boy's Hi-Y has had a very successful Christmas Card Campaign. We thank the student body for their support.

In the near future the Hi-Y is planning to send representatives to Winnipeg to the International Hi-Y Conference. To do this we must again have your support. A social is being planned but no definite arrangements have been made as yet.

At the last meeting of the Radio Club a new executive was elected. The new president is Bill Stunden, the secretary-treas. is Sam Skilling. The club will concentrate on building up a more powerful transmitter compound of parts loaned by the members.

The Boy's Athletic is sponsoring a skating party on Wed. Jan. 25 from 7.30 to 10.30 at the Athletic Rink in Hillhurst. The admission is 25 ¢ per couple. There will be many novelties, checking free, refreshments and skating numbers. Everyone turn out and support the good old C.H.C.I.

The December meeting of the Current History Club was held in the form of a social in the library on Dec. 21. Games and refreshments were enjoyed by all.

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The Public Speaking and Debating Club challenge to debate any school club which may be interested. The subjects and arrangements will be made after the challenge has been accepted. Representatives of Clubs wishing to take up this challenge see Mr. Smith in Rm. 22 of Jack Pepperdine in Rm. 19.

-----  
The Girl's Bible Study Group will have as their guest, Miss Forstell who will speak on her experiences as a missionary. All are cordially invited to attend.

DON'T.....FORGET  
THE CHORAL SOCIETY OPERETTA ON THE  
8th...and...9th.

OF  
MARCH.....

.....  
"In Old Vienna" or  
"Pickles"



.....WHAT! no more Scandal! Well we're sorry folks but we'll be back next issue with more pages out of the Snooper's Diary.



## THE INQUIRING REPORTER

Well seeing that Christmas has come and gone, and assuming that everybody is sober (more or less) once more, we made it our business to find out what Crescent Heights thought about that little green plant we hang in doorways and dark corners, we mean Mistletoe.

What do you think of Mistletoe?

Mr. T. G. Finn, (a wise old sage) wouldn't commit himself.

"Hah, I wouldn't like to say."

"You mean you haven't an opinion? All wise men have an opinion."

"Yes, but wiser ones keep it to themselves."

Ken Fraser, lowering his voice so that the girl walking in front of him wouldn't hear said:

"It's useful, all right. Confidentially, when I'm dictator, I'll make it the National Emblem."

"Ats a good idea, Ken. By the way, what's the National Salute going to be?"

Gareth McGregor, with a disdainful "Huh."

"Me? I've got no use for Mistletoe. I don't need it."

And did the girl across the aisle look at him when he said that!

Annie Strange, an up-and-coming Crescent, "freshie" has the right spirit.

"Mistletoe? Oh, it's a fine plant."

That's all she said, but the look in her eyes! Ever met Annie Strange, fellows?

Ron Ferrie didn't seem to be quite woke up.

"Mistletoe? Mistletoe? I don't think I've ever ----- Oh, Mistletoe! Hah. Somebody ought to grow it. Then we could have it all year round."

..Them's my sentiments exactly, Ron.

Margaret Moody didn't seem very enthusiastic.

"It's fine, in its place."

"What do you mean, in its place?"

"Under archways, and nowhere else."

It looks as though that piece of mistletoe I carry in my coat pocket was a waste of money.

Marjorie Elias seemed to know all about it.

"It's handy in its place."

Sounds like the voice of experience, Marjorie.

Well, there it is, what Crescent Heights thinks about Mistletoe. But don't take it too seriously, folks.

Till we snoop again, so long.



# FAME

To most people Ted Lane was just another ambitious youngster with too much imagination for his own good. Nevertheless God had given him talent, a great deal of it in fact, in the form of a rich tenor voice and a pair of twinkling feet. Even now, though none of his friends knew about it, he was sitting nervously on the edge of a chair awaiting his turn to perform.

It was Thursday night and Major Bowe's famous amateur hour was in full swing. Below the platform as far back as he could see, into the dimly-lighted hall sat row after row of listening people; a packed house as usual. On the stage immediately in front of him, a young lady was singing an Italian love song in a high-pitched soprano. To Ted it seemed as though she would go on for ever, but at that moment, the voice stopped, to be succeeded at once by a roar of approval from the audience.

"All right, all right," came the calm voice of Major Bowes, "that was Marian Robertson of Chicago. The next performer will be Ted Lane, of New York City, singer and dancer."

With his heart thumping against his ribs, Ted got to his feet and walked over to the microphone.

"So you are from New York, eh, Ted, and what is your ambition?"

"I hope to get to Hollywood some day," announced Ted triumphantly.

"Another Fred Astaire, eh!" laughed the Major, "all right get on with your number."

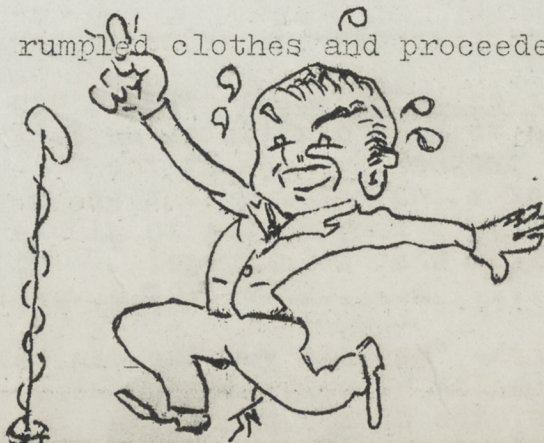
Ted took a deep breath and began to sing in a quavering voice.

There was no sound from the spectators, and thus encouraged he continued in a deep tenor. He sang as though his life depended on it, while the crowd sat spellbound. Having finished his song, he began to tap dance to the accompaniment of a roar of approval from the packed hall. Faster and faster he went, until suddenly above the clicking ~~rhythm~~ of his dancing feet, came the clear cut sound of a gong being struck. Ted stopped dancing and looked about.

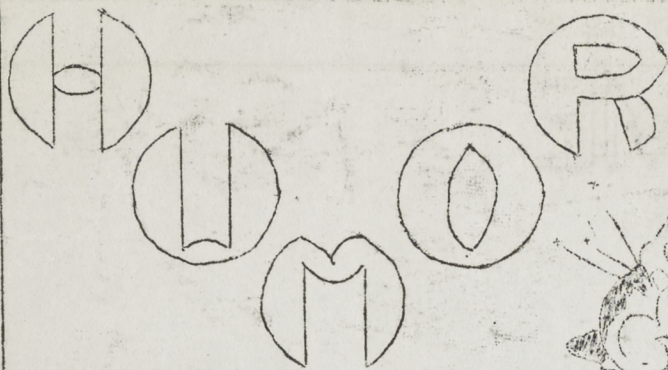
It was all imagination. There was no hall, no vast audience, no Major Bowes, and no contest. He was standing alone in his room at home. From below came the chiming of the dinner bell; then his mother's voice -

"Ted, dinner's ready."

Reluctantly Ted smoothed down his rumpled clothes and proceeded down the stairs to dinner.







### Six Ways to Get a Fly Out of Your Soup

1. Speak etiquette to the fly. Fly will become humiliated and leave.
2. Induce guests to talk on fly's faults. Fly will become embarrassed and beat it.
3. Talk aviation to the fly. Fly will become air minded and take off. The pest usually tries to stunt though and finally lands in the butter-dish.
4. Inform fly that a prolonged hot bath will sap his strength; fly makes a bee-line for the finger bowl to take a cold plunge.
5. Place a large piece of flypaper in the soup. The fly will become attached to this new idea.
6. If all other methods fail:
  1. Accidentally tip bowl over.
  2. Or throw the whole dish out the window when nobody has their eye on you.

Barber- "Havn't I shaved you before?"  
 Customer- "Naw! I got those s ars in France."

Metaphorically Speaking- When a man is asked to be a candidate, he falls for the proposal, jumps at the chance of standing for a seat and gets ready to run, hoping to win in a walk. What a language!

Miss Clark- "How did you like Venice?"  
 Don Marshall- "I only stayed there two days, the darned place was flooded."

Examiner- "What would you do if you were driving an express train down an incline at an excessive speed?"

Bill McCartney- "Apply the Westinghouse brakes."

Examiner- "They don't act."

Bill McCartney- "Put on the emergency brakes."

Examiner- "Not powerful enough to reduce the speed."

Bill McCartney- "Reverse the steam pressure."

Examiner- "The wheels refuse to grip the rails."

Bill- "Pour sand on the rails."

Examiner- "Being damp the sand won't pass through the pipes. Now what do you do?"

Bill- "Let her rip! We're on the level now."

How fat she are!  
 She used to wasn't,  
 The reason is  
 She daily doesn't.  
 Ted Semmons

### Why Wives Leave Home

A sentimental woman was married to an unromantic man. One evening she said to him with a sigh.

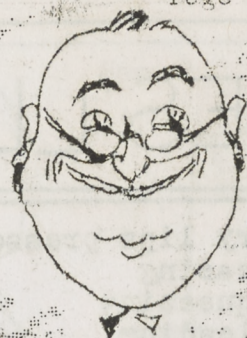
"Would you mourn for me if I were to die?"

"Oh, yes," he mumbled, "of course I would"

"And would you visit the cemetery often?"

"Certainly," he said with a little more animation. "I pass it on the way to the golf links, anyhow."

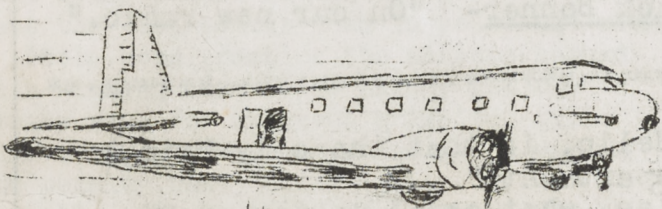




AN STUFF

K.S

The little girl was quite shocked. "Of course not. That would be stealing. I only lick them."



GOOD HEAVENS

I THOUGHT  
THAT WAS THE  
WASHROOM!!

K.S.

Science says that on a level surface a bee can pull three-hundred times its own weight. -- But it has more power when it goes into reverse!

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"What are you crying for little man?"

"All my brothers have got a holiday and I havn't."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't go to school yet."

Soup What Am Soup!!

Get a full pail of shallow water. Brown it on both sides. Pour in one bean. If the soup does not simmer, it is too rich. In this case, get another pail of shallow water and dry it thoroughly with a towel and sift it slowly into the pot. Be sure to use shallow water as deep water will not brown on one side as efficiently as shallow water will.

Catherine Young.

Our second little treat was picked up by Jack Nazar in Berlin. It is called "Hitler's Delight."

Mince three pounds of skunk meat with one portion of cyanide. Stir in half a gallon of creosote and bring to a boil with a blow torch. Drop in a pinch of rusty thumb-tacks and then pour in a dozen 1936 hens eggs, well beaten. Bake in a slow oven for six hours and then set in a pig-sty to cool. BE SURE to wear a guaranteed gas mask when serving. Unless you have Hitler in for dinner; we don't blame you for being tempted to throw it out the window.

Thanks for your helpful contribution Jack.

Ye Olde Matrimonial Cake

2 ozs smiles  
2ozs kisses  
1 delicious hug  
2 armfuls of well formed girl.  
ctd. next page.



# THES'LL SLAY YA'----- PERHAPS!!

4 cherry lips pressed well together  
 4 oz teasing  
 4 oz squeezing  
 4 oz pleading  
 Heap with lots of dates

Mix well, bake in a young man's arms, it is best to serve it in the dark. But above all, remember this cake is spoiled unless you beat it before Dad comes home.

Note- Tested and approved by the editor.

-----  
 Mr. Smith- Give me the French for "those eyes"

Allan Cook- Ces oeufs.

Mr. Smith- No, Ces yeux.

Allan Cook- Yeah, sez me.

////////////////////////////////////  
 Jack Nazar was on the platform at a recent Lit. in the Assembly Hall.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Jack, "having blindfolded my partner, I will now proceed to test her thought reading powers. As you see I have in my hand an apple. Will you kindly tell the audience what it is that I am holding in my hand?"

"An apple."

"Correct. I have here a watch. Kindly tell the audience what I have."

"A watch."

"Quite right. You see, ladies and gentlemen, it is impossible to catch her."

The entertainer produced a piece of wood and a saw, and commenced to saw vigorously. "Kindly tell the audience what I am doing."

No reply.

"This is a most difficult feat ladies and gentlemen. I will try again. Can you tell me what I am doing?" said Jack, continuing his sawing.

"Yes. You are singing."  
 Loud applause.

.....

Miss Dunlop- "This makes five times I have punished you this week. What have you to say?"

Wilf Smith- "I'm glad its Friday!"

.....

Mr. Leisemer- "Where is Montreal?"  
 Jack Bonner- "Between Detroit and Philadelphia."

Mr. Leisemer- "Where did you get that?"

Jack Bonner- "On our new radio."

\*\*\*\*\*

"Hello, is that the city bridge department?"

"Yes, what can I do for you?"

"How many points do you get for a little slam?"

.....

The young lawyer, retained by a farmer to bring an action against a railway company for the loss of twenty-four pigs did his best to impress the jury with the magnitude of the case.

"Just think of it, gentlemen! Twenty-four pigs - twice the number there are in the jury box!"

.....

The world is old, yet it likes to laugh,

New jokes are hard to find:

A whole new editorial staff

Can't tickle every mind.

So if you find an ancient joke

Dubbed in some modern guise,

Don't frown and give the thing a poke,

Please hand it in to us guys.

Ye Ed.



## SPORT

## HOCKEY

In the first league game played Monday, January 9, the Senior Hockey squad was set back by a score of 4-1 by Western Seniors. Western However had had nine junior league players and as soon as the junior league starts each team will be limited to three juniors each. Crescent will have the best but one player while Western will drop six. Every player turned in a good game but the team lacks polish around the net. Crescent have the best senior team in years and with a little more practice the seniors should be a winning team. Claud Harvey got the single goal for Crescent while two goals were scored by Western while Speck was in the penalty box.

Lineup: Paxton-goal, Adams, Garner, Speck, Welch, Swartz, Tarves, Graham, Harvy, Smith, Maizey, Hughes, Buchanan and Cran.

## CRESCENT'S TIE TECH

Thursday January, 5 the seniors tied Tech. 2-2 in an exhibition game played at the Tech rink. Cran scored assisted by Adams while Speck counted the other goal.

Lineup: Goal-Eaton, Adams, Garner, Speck, Welch, Swartz, Tarvic, Graham, Harvey, Smith, Maizey, Hughes, Cran.

## CRESCENT JUNIORS WIN

Saturday, January the 7, at the Arena Crescent Juniors rang up a three to two victory over St. Marys. It was a hard fought game and the passing plays of the juniors showed up well. Mr. Steckel has molded a fine team which features nice passing and combination. Crescent's first goal was scored by Haris on a pass from Pargeter in the second period; Neil MacIver scored unassisted in the third and Pargeter netted the winning goal giving him two points during the game. Lineup: Cameron, Fraser, Grant, Haris, MacIver, Pargeter, Jones, Reid, D. Stevens, K. Stevens, Jacobs, Kendrick,

## LETTERS

JAN. 20, 1939

## SPORTS EDITOR.

Regarding the letter submitted to you in the last issue of the siren containing a number of personal questions, comments and reforms, aimed at the BOYS ASSOCIATION (Incidentally the author neglected to sign his name) I wish to reply.

From the stand point of knowledge, the author is entirely beyond his rights in regards to the financial state of the ASSOCIATION: How it is governed? and who it is controlled by? However the IRISH in me prevail and I could not help giving the above comment.

Yours truly

Jack Moore

PRES. BOYS ASS.

## THE BOY'S ATHLETIC



SKATING  
PARTY

WED JAN 25

ATHLETIC RINK

BOYS-15-GIRLS-10-COUPLE-25



# HOUSELEAGUE SENIORS WIN

## DEWARTS TEAM WINS

In the first half of the HOUSELEAGUE SCHEDULE Henery Dewarts team ended up on top. They defeated Rankin team in the final by the score of

## NEW HOUSELEAGUE BASKETBALL

For the second half of the schudle the teams will be entirely changed and since there is only a first team all other players who expected to make the second team will play in the HOUSE LEAGUE Each squad will have a captain who is also a player on the first team The capta in c annot play but will coa ch his team from the si delines and will be able to improve the standard of basketball in the league.

CAPTAINS ARE DEAN MORGAN ; RORY MACLENNAN: GRAVES. HENDERSON: CARLSON WELSH: & ROIS:

For lineups of teams consult the bulletin board

## JUNIORS LOSE TO WESTERN

SATURDAY JANUARY, 14. at the arena the Juniors lost to Western by the score of 7-0 This was a tough game and not as one sided as the score indicated. Four of the goals were scored in the last few minutes of play while the RED and BLUE put on the power to even up the score. The Juniors play next Sat and we are looking for a victory

LINEUP GOAL CAMERON. DEF. FRASER. GRANT JONES. KENDRICK. FOREWARDS. HARRIS. MCIVER. PARGETER. REID. K. STEVENS. D. STEVENS. BANKS. HILL. BELL.

## BOYS BADMINTON

For the week or so the boys Badminton Club have run off a tournament. It has boiled down to the semi-finals with Claude HARVEY. And DOUG LAIT. battling it out for the honor to meet BERT PAXTON WHO recieved a bye into the finals

## A GOOD TURNOUT

At the first Basketball game played Tuesday Jan. 17 we notice that there was a good turnout. Both galleries were filled to capacity and the team was cheered on by the crowd. Not only students were there but also many teachers. This bears out our argument that a fee of five cents should be charged.

CRESCENT/---54

CENTRAL----10

The senior team is off to a fine start having won the first game of the season by the encouraging score of 54-10. In the first quarter Paxton and Carlson shared in the scoring honors. The second quarter brought a sudden change of events, and the score remained fairly even until after half time. In the third quarter Rois and Carlson led the scoring. Cameron led the scoring in the fourth. Throughout the game the Crescent team displayed fine team work, and scoring was evenly divided among a number of the players. If the team continues to show such fine training and skill with the ball, we will be able to make Western take back some of the "trimmings" they handed to us on the gridiron.

# HOCKEY

Monday, Jan. 16/39, Crescent Seniors swamped Central 9-2. It was a one-sided victory and the game was listless in spots. Gordon Welsh the smiling forward of Crescent led his team to victory by scoring three goals. Dick Swartz; Claude Harvey and Bill Spick turned in sparkling performances gaining two goals each. Gordon Graham and Archie Maise. both played well but while not get in the scoring column. Adams was bad man of the night picking up two penalties, but while he was on the ice he put up a stout defense. Every player played well but combination was lacking at times which slowed the game up considerably. Bert Paxton played a good game in the goal and stopped all shots at him except two which were impossible to save. due to  
Line up Paxton, Adams, Garner, Speck, Swartz, Welch, Harvey, Maisey, Cran, Hughes, Smith, Graham, Tarvis, Shantz.

## GIRLS' BADMINTON

The Girls' Badminton Club are holding a singles tournament in the mornings. This is providing a great deal of fun and promises some keen competition later on.



HERE IS THE LIFE  
There's a camp o'er the hill from  
the farm where I live,  
And I thrill to the sights that I  
see there each day;  
To the lines of white tents and the  
feeling they give  
Of neatness and order, the ideals  
that will play  
Such a part in the lives of the men  
who are there.

Yes, I thrill to the bugle that cal-  
ls them at dawn;  
To the roll of the drums as they  
march o'er the plain;  
To the snap of commands that will  
hurry them on;  
To the slope of their rifles and now  
again, and again;  
To the gleam of "fixed" bayonets  
that flash in the sun.

I saw them in action one glorious day;  
Line on line of dim figures that  
swept down a hill.  
And they ducked, fired, and charged  
once again on their way  
'Till the "Cease Fire" was sounded  
and all became still,  
As they trudged back to camp for the  
rest they had earned.

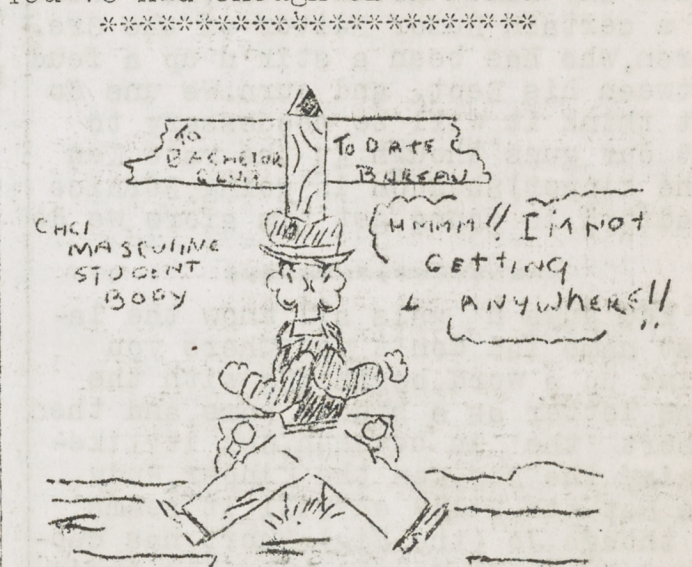
The days work being finished they  
gathered around  
For the freedom and sport that the  
evening would bring.  
And the shouting was bold and the  
laughter was crowned  
With a boisterous cheer that remain-  
ed to be king  
'Till the "Last Post" was sounded  
and lights were snuffed out.  
by Jack Wodell

\*\*\*\*\*  
The Editor stood at the pearly gate  
His face was worn and old  
He sighed as he knocked at the gates  
fast locked  
For entrance to the fold.

"What have you done" St. Peter said.  
"To gain admission here?"

"Oh, I helped put out the Siren,  
For many and many a year."

The gates swung quickly open  
As St. Peter touched a bell  
"Come in," he said, "and take a harp  
You've had enough of trouble."



Many outstanding things have happed-  
ed since the last issue of the Siren.  
Some of these are listed below:

- Best make-up - Harold Buchanan and Margaret Pattamore.
- Best break-up - Alf Carter and Aileen Reddick.
- Most popular saying - "Where do you think it will get you ----- in the end?"
- Best surprise - What we found Xmas morning.
- Worst surprise - Our reports.
- Best Christmas Spirit - Johnny Walker 98% pure.
- Best ideas - The Bachelor Club -  
Founder - Alf Carter.  
The Date Bureau -  
Bill Millar
- Best Fashion Hint - The best way to treat a cold shoulder is with an ermine wrap.

\*\*\*\*\*  
"Now for Heaven's sake, dear, think  
back. Where did you put the yacht  
when you left Kennebunkport?"

\*\*\*\*\*  
"Don't fret, sir," said the chauffeur to the pekinese. "Madame will return soon."



Jan. 20 th. 1939.

Crescent Siren

# Amo Amare Amavi Amatos n' Stuff

DEAR STUDES ---

We all dont wanna mention any names around heah, but there is a certain Humor Editor of the Cre. Siren, who has been a stir'n up a feud between his Dept. and ourn. We uns do not think it will be neccessary to get our guns though. At the rate Ken (the kipper) Sheddum is going, Bernice Bradford is gonna get him afore we do

\*\*\*\*\*

You guys n' gals all know the latest name fad don't you? Where you think up a word, beginning with the same letter as a studes name, and then insert 'the' in between. Get it? Like- 'Daisy the Dip, Ken the Kipper, Rudy the Rat etc. Silly eh? Well it seems as though Jo (the Jig) Short has captured Campbell Youngs heart ad infinitum, or sumpin.

\*\*\*\*\*

Wilda Clifton announces that Wilf no longer plays cadenzas on her heart strings. Cheer up Wilf, that isn't the first time declarations like this have been made!

\*\*\*\*\*

Cupids Couplet\*-Lyle Heimbecker and Ev. Daun are finding that life gets swita and swita.

\*\*\*\*\*

Don Smith was reeelly thrilled the other day when Irene Edwards was made to go and sit with the boys for being a bad girl in spare. What got Don was her sitting right beside him.

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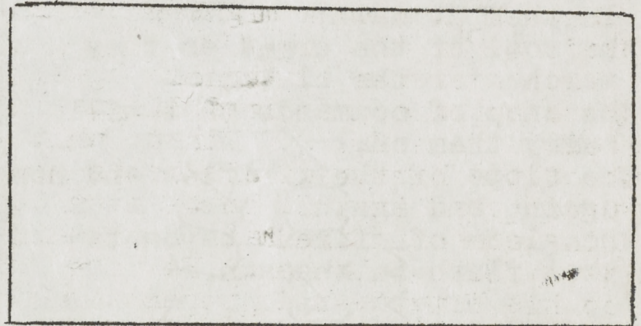
Harold Mc. Fadyen has certainly got a bad case. He still raves about Lorraine Waters all through spare period in the Library.

\*\*\*\*\*

We have often wondered how Don (the Dope) Foster can Knock off an A in Trig., when Evelyn Craig sits and smiles at him during the whole period everyday.

\*\*\*\*\*

## THIS WEEKS CARTOON



Cross section of Ken  
Sheddons head, during  
the process of  
thinking.

\*\*\*\*\*

That Malc. Stevens fella sure does change around, he sure nuff does. Why the other night he skated for one hour and ten minutes, with Doris Kerr of C.C.I.

\*\*\*\*\*

Frank Hatcher spends his noon hours these days talking to Eva Mc. Conky. Well, it is good for the Digestion at any rate.

\*\*\*\*\*

DON'T  
FORGET  
THE BOYS  
ATHLETIC  
SKATING  
PARTY



# A MIDNIGHT JOURNEY

## BY KAY LINDSAY

Just at the stroke of midnight, Peter McFarlane came back from the land of troubled dreams, back to the reality of tumbled bed clothes and uneasy, gnawing pangs. When he had taken leave of his host to go to bed, just two short hours ago, his mind had been at peace, but now, an old trouble had come back to haunt him; and he could get no rest. With a sigh, he switched on the lamp and by its golden light, searched on the table for a book. Why will people place the noble works of Sir Walter Scott in the guest room? Perhaps if one could read farther than the first chapter, the book might prove conducive to sleep but somehow Peter doubted it.

Peter listlessly turned pages, trying vainly to stifle his unworthy thoughts but they remained disgustingly in the foreground. At last he decided to face facts. First, what would happen if he should be caught? Think of the horror of his hosts and his own disgrace. How could he, an honoured guest in this house even contemplate such terrible thoughts?

The clock in the hall downstairs chimed the quarter hour and Peter could bear it no longer. He rose from the now uncomfortable bed, slipped on his bright, red dressing gown and his blue slippers and crept out into the silent hall. The ancestors of his host frowned accusingly down from the oak panelling and Peter inwardly shook. Past the statue of Napoleon (Napoleon had been a brave man), past the silent figure of armour, on, on into the dim shadows at the top of the stairs.

Gingerly he stepped down the well-polished stairs till he reached the bottom step and then, alas and alack - disaster. A stupid little end-table contacted violently with Peter's thigh and it recoiled indignantly making as much noise as possible.

Peter stopped short, the full horror of his position dawning on him. Had he roused the house? No, nothing could be heard above the wild, tumultuous beating of his quaking heart. He continued his perilous journey now into unknown territory.

At last he reached his destination; a shiny metal box. He turned the handle this way and that, and at last it opened. Peter had to restrain himself by sheer will-power from shouting "Eureka".

Twenty minutes later, Peter McFarlane sat in the middle of the kitchen floor, smiling blissfully into space. On his knee, a chocolate pie snugly reposed. At his side sat the remnants of a sorry-looking chicken. There was a potato salad at his elbow and close to his hand, a bottle of 'best vintage', relic of '97. Peter was content, the gnawing pangs satisfied and once more, the elusive god of sleep sought to gain hold on his eyes.

DON'T FORGET THE  
SKATING PARTY



# CAMPUS MAXIMS

Subject - "Haste Makes Waste."

Introduction - you all know Zillah

Leon the bright, over-giggling young belle of Room 22. Not very long ago she illustrated this maxim to a T

The Scene - Corner of 6A Street N.W. and Crescent Road.

The time - Walking home from Alma Mater after a heavy rain.

The Characters - Zillah Leon, the heroine. Grace Fraser, her companion.

Curtain - Music (I get the Blues when it Rains)

Zillah - I say there - Please wait for me.

Grace - Oh get a move on. You're slow.

Zillah - I'm coming (attempting to leap a fairly large puddle).

Curtain falls with a splash!  
Tch! Tch!

\*\*\*\*\*

Subject - More haste, less speed.

If the haste refers to the rate of speed at which a heart can beat, Bill Taylor is the leading character. His heart races down the home stretch whenever he sees a certain girl coming. But the speed at which he is coming in, is slightly slower. Can he win?

\*\*\*\*\*

Subject - Empty vessels make more noise.

Whether this refers to heads or rooms is left for the readers to decide. Anyway, in the girls' lunch room, there are a lot of studious gals who are beginning to think that other occupants of that room are some of the most divine crooners. You all know the type of crooners we mean - those who should have their necks wrung!

P.S. - We still prefer Bing Crosby!

\*\*\*\*\*

WHAT A LIFE!

My home is a box, a narrow tin box - Where I used to spend most of my time But sometimes I'm honored, I live in a purse

Where my life is full of its shocks. I come to the light

At day, not at night

Or at least, should I say

I'm more common by day.

I am not long in length,

I am not great in strength,

But yet I am straight -

And oh how I hate

To be lost! But my mistress is never in gloom

When she leaves me at home on the floor in her room

And down in the dust I am found by the broom!

Some days when she is not feeling so cool,

She will leave me alone on some desk in the school,

And I will feel like a perfect fool

When I am picked up, and someone will say

"That girl has left it again today."

And I will always be taken back there

To a person who simply will never

take care -

Of her ruler.

\*\*\*\*\*

FAMILY UMBRELLAS

Jackie had a bumbershot,

He used to take to school,

And he could get 'most all the gang Beneath it, as a rule.

Mary had one, too, for school,

But it was very small,

If she got herself and books

Beneath it, that was all.

Daddy had a splendid one,

But he could never find it, -

It made a dinky Injun fort

For all the boys behind it!

And so he'd have to borrow Mum's,

Although he'd always rue it;

It wasn't any good, he said,

'Cause he could see clear through it!









THE THRILL  
THAT COMES  
ONCE IN A  
LIFE TIME

DR. YANK

DENTIST

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WALK IN

Out to  
Lunch



H. McFadyen